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AND OCTOBER IS HER NAME

By

MARY ELLEN LUCAS

Some folks meet her in the woodlands
'Mid the green and gold and red,
Where the forests' guardians
Heavenward their branches spread.

Some folks meet her in the cornfield
Where the air is sharp and cold,
And the brilliance of the evening sun
Turns ears of corn to mounds of gold.

I always meet her by my window—
The scene is never twice the same,
For once each year she paints in color—
And October is her name.

The E PAULET

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*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*

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A TWIRLING LEAF

(Prize Winning Poem)

By
BECKY GRIGG

I watched a leaf as it fell today, turning, spinning merrily away,
Gliding around as carefree as thought, floating and falling, as if it sought
Nothing but a balmy breeze to blow it along wherever it might go.
It seemed so happy there in the sky that I wished that I could soar as high
And be as merry as that leaf tumbling down, over a limb, beneath
A bough, nought hind'ring its graceful fall, as impishly mocking the wind's call
It soon came to the end of its way and slid the length of the sun's last ray.
Was this the end of that cheerful bit of green that had drifted high? It hit
And lightly landed, swirling the dust until it settled, and there it must
Stay, quiet and still, and so remain until some breeze can rouse it again.
Surely, I thought, this can't be the end of the ride for my mischievous friend.
Suddenly it rustled, stirred, was gone, gaily turning and rolling along,
Jauntily swirling on toward the west and bobbing and spinning at its best.
Just as it mounted higher in the sky, it swept a courtsey and said good-bye.

Passing Parade

(Prize Winning Short Story)

By
PAT MAGUIRE

She looked like one of those little old ladies people are always writing stories about. She was small, round, and wrinkled, with soft white hair, and her name was Miss May. You know, in stories she's always that sweet little grandmother, surrounded by loving children, to whom she tells endless stories. Well, Miss May wasn't like that. No, she lived all alone in an average house on the corner of a quiet street. She didn't even have any friends. That's why everyone thought she was queer.

Yes, people talked about Miss May. They said it wasn't good for an old lady to be completely alone all the time; never to be intimate with anyone; never knowing anything at all about the life around her. She seldom left her house except for the few little errands she had to do. She just sat with her knitting on the front porch every day from noon to dusk.

"Poor Miss May!" people said. "She's all shut up inside herself. It's just as though she's stopped living, she knows nothing of life, nothing of what goes on around her."

Ah, but that's where they were wrong. They didn't know how much she saw from her shaded porch, how much she heard. But you see, Miss May wasn't a busybody; she wasn't a gossip . . . she just watched.

Let's take one day for instance. She came out on her porch after lunch as usual. Before long she saw Betty Danforth coming up the street with little Dootie, her daughter. Poor Betty! Miss May could remember when she was Betty Worth, a sweet young girl, pretty and full of life. She used to stroll on that very street with Earle Danforth, a young law student. Miss May had read about their wedding in the newspapers, and later about their divorce. And now Betty was bringing Dootie to meet her father, to leave her with him for the day. They stood outside Miss May's house, waiting.

"Dootie," Betty said, "do you have fun with your daddy when you spend the day with him?"

"Oh, yes, Mama!" the little girl cried. "We have so much fun! We go to the movies and on picnics, and he buys me ice cream and *everything*!"

"Yes, honey, I guess you do." Was that a wistful look in Betty's eyes? "And darling, you must always be a good girl when you're with your father. You know he's the most wonderful daddy a little girl ever had, don't you? And the most . . ."

Here her voice caught a little, and she suddenly straightened, for a tall, blond, boyish-looking man was rounding the corner. After a brief greeting, Betty left her daughter with

Earle and hurried off. They both stood watching till she was out of sight.

Earle looked down at his little girl for a minute and said, "Dootie, honey, do you know you look just like your mother?" He was talking more to himself than to her. "Your eyes, your hair . . . they're just like hers. And do you know how good that is, Dootie? Do you know that if you grow up to be like your mother, you'll be just about perfect?" Then he took her hand and they strolled off down the street . . .

After a while loud shouts were heard. A crowd of boys came running down the street, tosing a football from one to another. Yes, they were all having a wonderful time, . . . all but one. Little Henry Ritchie was there too. He was no younger than the rest, but smaller and quite frail. He was vainly trying to join the game, trying to jump up and catch the ball, which the boys were purposely throwing over his head.

"Poor little tyke," thought Miss May seeing that he was miserable.

But someone else was coming the other way. It was Monk Swanson, whom all the parents considered the roughest and toughest boy in the neighborhood. He was the type boy, they said, who would eventually become a juvenile delinquent. The boys, though, as is usually the case, held him as their hero. He was their model, their leader, and he knew it. The boys did not see him at first, as he stood watching, taking in the whole scene.

"Hey, Ritchie!" he called to little

Henry. "Don't forget! You're goin' to the game with me Saturday!"

The other boys stared, open mouthed. Was htis true? Was Henry really going somewhere with Monk? The first to regain his wits was the boy with the ball.

"Here, Henry! Catch! !" he yelled, and threw the ball into the smaller boy's hands. Soon the crowd moved off down the street, Henry as much a part of it as any. Monk watched them run off, then continued on his way, whistling as he went

Miss May was still sitting there as evening first began to fall. Couples were beginning to stroll up and down, hand-in hand, whispering and laughing. As she saw Bobby Thomason go slowly up the walk of the Tyler's house down the street, Miss May's lips compressed. She realized that she was about to see a repetition of what had happened every evening for weeks. Bobby was a good boy, and she could tell by his posture and walk that he realized he was doing something wrong. He rang the bell, went in for awhile, and soon came out, seventeen-year old Peggy Sue Tyler hurrying beside him.

"You're real sweet to do this all the time for us, Bobby," she was saying as they came into hearing distance of Miss May. "Mama and Daddy would actually *die*, if they knew I was really going to meet Nick every night! Oh, but definitely! And let me tell you something just *screamingly* hilarious that happened this morning! At breakfast Daddy was actually teasing me about *you*! ! Isn't that a *riot*? Imagine them think-

ing I have a crush on *you*, of all people, when I'm so crazy about Nick DeMarzo I just can't see straight!"

Bobby walked along with her silently, till they were in front of Miss May's house. Then Nick DeMarzo came across the street. Nick was twenty-four years old, and Miss May on her little shopping trips had seen him in the crowd of men in front of the pool parlor. She had also heard stories of his crooked dealing in the black market. And here he was, meeting little Peggy Sue Tyler, daughter of one of the best families in town.

"Oh, *Nick*," Peggy breathed. "I'm so glad you made it tonight. . . . Uh, Bobby, I guess you can go along now. Don't forget. . . .same time tomorrow night! "

Then she and Nick strolled off, forgetting Bobby completely. But Miss May had seen the look in Bobby's eyes when he looked at Peggy Sue. And she saw him now, staring after her with longing. But soon he turned and walked sadly, slowly, into the oncoming twilight. .

Miss May had just about decided that it was time to go in for the night when she heard more voices and slow footsteps. She soon recognized the blurred shapes of old Father O'Flaherty and Father Dan Lynch, fresh from the seminary, who had come to help the paster in his old age. Miss May could see that Father O'Flaherty had failed considerably, as he tottered slowly along, speaking in a shaky voice.

"Father Dan," he said slowly, "I was a boy like you when I first came to this parish. We had no

church, just a poor little shack we used for a chapel. I've watched this parish grow, and I've loved my people as though they were my children. I've tried to help them as much as I could, and I've tried to instill in them faith in our Lord. And now, Father Dan, soon you're going to have to take my place with them. You've grown up right here in town; you know all the people and they've come to love you already.

"I can remeber when you were a little altar boy, Danny; and I knew then that some day you'd make a fine priest. Take over, my boy, and love my people, because, Father Dan, . . . Oh, Danny, I hate to leave them! !"

Here a sound like a strangled sob broke from the old man's throat, and suddenly he clutched Father Dan's arm, and his whole body convulsed in one terrible shudder. Soon he was better, and Father Dan put an arm about his waist to help him along.

"I guess we'd better go along now, Danny," Father O'Flaherty said softly. "I think it's time."

And they walked slowly off together, the old weak priest steadied by the arm of the strong young one.

Miss May got up slowly, folded her knitting and went into the house. Yes, people talked about Miss May, and they went on talking about her until she passed away. They still said, "Poor Miss May. She doesn't know what life is like. She never knows what goes on around her."

Pardon The Intrusion

By
EMILY LYNCH

Scene: Living room. Girl and Boy are sitting on sofa talking.

RALPH: So you see, Gail, I just wondered if you loved me because I love you and want to mar—.

LOUSIA: Hey, Gail. Hey, Gai— oh, excuse me. (To Ralph) Hi, Dopey.

GAIL: That's all right, Lousia. What did you want?

LOUSIA: A-Ah, your stocking—the nylons.

GAIL: Gosh, sakes, Lou, what do you think I'm going to wear?

LOUSIA: I just thought maybe you'd let me have them.

GAIL: Well, I really need them myself.

LOUSIA: O. K. just thought I'd ask. (OUT)

GAIL: Gee, she always wants something, which is all right, I suppose, but that was my last pair of nylons and she ruined two pairs before this week.

RALPH: Well, getting back to the original subject under discussion, I wonder if you'd consider—

DAD: (entering) Gail, Gail, dear, —oh, hello Ralph. Gail, did you see the evening paper?

GAIL: Nhuh, uh, Dad. I wasn't looking for it.

DAD: Excuse me then while I look around. Your mother doesn't know where it is either.

I can't understand how nobody ever knows where anything is around here.

JUNIOR: (enter on gallop) Pop!

DAD: Yes.

JUNIOR: Do you know where the funnies are?

DAD: No, I don't. Do you know where the editorial section is?

JUNIOR: Nope, can't says I do. Never read the stuff. Say, Pop—

DAD: Yes.

JUNIOR: Jack's outside and he wants me to go to the movies. Can I?

DAD: Not tonight. You'd better study your arithmetic or something. (rummages around the room) Confound it, where is that paper.

(SOUND OF TELEPHONE RINGING)

JUNIOR: Pop, look it's the last night for the picture.

DAD: I said, No.

JUNIOR: But you don't understand this is the last—

DAD: No! (yells) For Pete's sake Lousia answer that phone.

MOM: (entering) She's in the bathtub. Besides I just did answer it and the Nelsons are coming over for bridge.

DAD: Ye Gods, What next!

JUNIOR: Well if Jack and I can't go to the movies, we'll stay here and listen to Gang Busters. (OUT)

LOUSIA: (hollers from off stage)
Mom, who was that on the
phone? Anyone for me?

MOM: It was the Nelsons. They're
going to come over to play
cards.

LOUSIA: Mother, could you come
here just a sec and fasten this
dress? Gail, where's your Rosey
Future lipstick?

GAIL: (in measured tone) In the
left hand top drawer.

MOM: (to Dad) Tom, will you
go out and get us some ginger
ale. I think we're all out of it.
(Both Out)

RALPH: Gail, now that the cy-
clone is gone. You still haven't
answered me. Will you or won't
you.

GAIL: Gol-ly. You never finished
the question and I can't remem-
ber now what we were talking
about.

RALPH: Can't remember! Well, I
was only asking if you'd mar—

JUNIOR: (crashes in) Jack went
home. Darn it all I missed five
minutes of my program. (goes
to radio)

GAIL: What was that last you
were saying, Ralph?

RALPH: I said, will you mar—

JUNIOR: (Stamping and yelling
at Gail) This radio won't work.
What'd you do to it Gail?

MOM: (enters carrying mop and
dust cloth) Junior, quiet down
for pity sakes—Here you mop.

LOUSIA: (entering) Hasn't Bill
come yet? Boy, will I tell him
a thing or two. You just wait
till he gets here.

(Doorbell rings, Lousia rushes
to answer it.)

LOUSIA: (returns with Dad) I
still don't see how you could
ring the bell and not be able to
open the door.

DAD: It's an art. Junior, lookout
where you're pushing that
thing. Have the Nelsons come
yet? Here, Junior, you and
Jack better go to the movies
after all.

JUNIOR: Jack went home. I'll
just watch you and the rest gyp
at cards.

DAD: I think you'd better go to
the movies.

JUNIOR: Can't it's too late.
Should have left a half hour
ago. Did you know this radio
was busted?

(They look at the radio. The
phone rings, Lousia dashes,
Mother goes off with mop and
stuff.)

RALPH: Gail, could we go for a
walk someplace, or anyhow go
somewhere else, where we could
talk, I mean—

GAIL: Wait till I get my coat.
(Collides with Lousia who is
returning)

GAIL: 'Scuse Please. (OUT)

LOUSIA: Can you imagine—he
isn't coming. After all this
time and now he has the nerve
to call and say he isn't coming.
(To Gail who comes in carry-
ing coat.) Where are you go-
ing?

GAIL: Out for a walk.

LOUSIA: I've got an idea. Let's
all three of us go to the movies.

We can sit through to where we came in.

JUNIOR: Say, if you guys are going I'll go too. Providing we can see the whole thing. This business of paying ten cents and only seeing half the picture gets my goat, but if we can stay to see the beginning I'll go along.

GAIL: Well, we really didn't—

RALPH: No. We really didn't want—

LOUSIA: I think you two are being awfully mean. I did so want to see this show and now Bill isn't coming—and I can't go alone. You're so cruel to me Gail. I think just this once you could do something I want.

GAIL: I suppose we could, Ralph, don't you. Just this once. We

can talk some other time.

RALPH: (begrudgingly) I suppose so. (OUT)

(MOTHER COMES IN WITH MRS. NELSON)

MRS. N: You know, I don't really feel in a mood for bridge to-night. Do you, Ellen?

MOM: No. I don't. But I thought you—

MRS. N: Women agreed. (to Dad) What about you, Tom.

DAD: Makes no difference.

MRS. N.: What do you say we go to the movies. It would be such fun.

MOM: Now that's what I call the best idea yet.

(ALL START OUT)

JUNIOR: Hurry up if you're coming. Can't wait all night.

GHOST OF A PIANIST

By
ROBERTA FIELD TERREL

Somewhere, a dusty stage retained
A shattered tune so greatly played
It dimmed an old one's eye and drained
It of its salty tears.

A mind still saw a silhouette
Which bent and rose. Impatiently
Each note engraved an epithet
Upon two ringing ears.

As dried-up leaves applauded long
The stilled wind swept into a bow—
When calmness reigned a beauteous song
Fell from infinity.

Each star which played a wonderful chord
Was printed in the Milky Way.
God's lights became a harpsichord
For all divinity.



THE THEATRE

By
SYLVIA LANE SHEAKS

"All honor to the State of Virginia and to the people of that Commonwealth. They have led us often and are leading us again," said Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in regard to the establishment of the first state-subsidized theatre in the United States, the Barter Theatre of Virginia. Robert Porterfield founded the Barter Theatre in 1933 at Abington, Virginia, for the purpose of providing his fellow actors, who were victims of the depression, with food and an opportunity to further develop their talents. Before the war it was common in Abington to see

a farmer's wife exchanging a ham or several dozen eggs for an evening of entertainment for her family.

Today the Barter Theatre has grown from a summer group of twenty-two impoverished actors into a nationally known institution, a year-round producing organization which is bringing the legitimate theatre within reach of all the residents of Virginia. Robert Porterfield is now crusading for the establishment of forty-eight individual state theatres; then he feels we will have the foundations of a true national theatre in America.

Among the six plays which compose this winter's repertory of the Barter Theatre are a current Broadway hit *State of the Union* and George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, and the Shakespearian comedy, *Much Ado About Nothing*. The latter, which is the witty and spirited story

of the complicated courtships of Hero and Claudio, Beatrice and Benedick, was produced in George Washington Auditorium by the Barter Theatre on October 19, the first of the 1946-47 Lyceum numbers.

Joan DeWeese as the irrepressible Beatrice, and Herbert Nelson as the soldier, Benedick, succeeded in stealing the show completely with their constant banter and quick tongues. The comedy was further enriched by the actions of the good-hearted Dogberry, who is absurdly proud of his office as mayor.

The enthusiasm with which the Barter players have been received by both the town of Fredericksburg and the students of Mary Washington College, as well as by theatre-goers throughout the Commonwealth of Virginia, leads to the hope that Barter Theatre productions will provide a challenge to other states which will not be ignored.

TO G. E. B.

By
ROBERTA FIELD TERREL

Eternal world, viewed by divinity,
Is now a canvas for a painter's hand
To sketch upon, and teach humanity
The glorious colors of its native land.

His fiery autumn sky is thick with oils,
A touch of crimson streaked with evening light,
A pastel ochre blends with smoky night.
Soft amber clouds spring from their wind-blown coils
And drift in clear-cold tingling air to fold
The warm red sun within a misty mold.

His canvassed night has skeletons of trees.
His stars are tiny seeds of pearly dew
Which spray black earth with sober pin-pricked blue.
Charred lifeless grass is bathed in milky breeze.
A dahlia dies, a greyed chrysanthemum.
A falling leaf cries "in memoriam."

A Common Man

By
PHYLLIS DERRIGON

Lincoln once said, "God must have loved the common people, He made so many of them." I often recall this phrase when I think of an old man I once knew. His name is not important, for doubtless there are many other old men similar to him, but for convenience I will call him Bill.

Bill's face was creased and lined, not from worrying but from smiling so often. When he smiled his merry blue eyes would almost disappear under his bushy eyebrows and even his "walrus" mustache would quiver with his enjoyment. Bill was a small man physically, and his clothes were usually old and rusty with an occasional patch sewn on as well as his old fingers could do it. He had never married and when asked the reason, his old eyes would dim a trifle and we knew he was thinking about someone who had lived long ago. Some of the older residents in our town said that he had loved a girl named Sally. One elderly lady, called "Aunt Lucy" by most of the townspeople, told me the story of his romance. One evening when Bill had taken Sally driving in his new black buggy, the horse was frightened by a stray dog and ran away. The couple were thrown from the seat and Sally was killed instantly. When Bill regained consciousness after his fall his first words were; "I was going to ask her to-night. I was

going to ask her to be my wife."

His house was on the edge of town, surrounded by roses, lilies, and many other flowers. When Bill was in his garden his fingers seemed to hold magic because his flowers grew as if bewitched. Perhaps this was because he loved them so. Sometimes he would hold a particularly perfect flower in his hand and say, "These are God's thoughts. I wish I could read them."

Animals and children turned to old Bill instinctively because they knew he would be kind to them. His pockets would always reveal a sweet for the children and he even carried a puppy biscuit or two for his canine friends! I have seen him sit by the hour telling stories about his youth when he worked at the old forge near the town, the same forge where his great grandfather helped to make the anchor chains for the Revolutionary frigate, The Constitution, many years ago. He often spoke about the good times they had had at quilting bees and corn huskings held in the crisp autumn air. He told me once that he had met Sally at one of these corn huskings. Bill rarely spoke of her and we couldn't help but wonder what his life would have been had she lived.

When we children had a problem we would turn to old Bill and he would say, "T'ain't's bad's all that, could be worse ye know." Often

grown-ups would turn to Bill for advise as well as the children. I once saw our minister sitting on an old fence near his home talking earnestly to Bill. The following Sunday Reverend Jones spoke on humbleness and loving they neighbor. We knew that they were Bill's words coming from the pulpit.

Bill died a few years ago and our

town mourned his loss deeply. We knew that not only had we lost a man who had known the simple meanings of truth and beauty, but also a man who, in his own small way, made the world a better place by his short stay in it. Common people such as Bill must be favorites of God, just as Lincoln said.



ON BEING A POET

By
CAROLYN SHANKWEILER

"Ah, to be a poet!" my heart sings,
To write in verse of cabbages and kings;
To know the joy of skylark and of dove
To sing the songs of heaven and of love.
To criticize with scorn the human quagmire,
To make a rival squirm with bitter satire.
To be like Pope and show the ways of man,
To copy Swift, and let him laugh, who can;
To do an elegy, as did Tom Gray,
To write, like Coleridge, of a mental fray;
To shock the world with my Byrnoic tone,
To bore poor students with a poet's drone."
But since I can't compose on death and life,
I guess I'll settle down and be a wife.



CONVERTONES

By
SHIRLEY HOFFMAN

Many a composer has been moved to translate into his own medium some piece of literature which has stirred his imagination by its beauty, its subject, or its thought. Most often it is poetry that he sets to music, for there is an obvious similarity of rhythm, recurring theme and, often, form. Folk legends and epics have been an unfailing source of inspiration to composers, and there is hardly a country whose

folklore has not figured prominently in some great composer's music. To cite but one example, the fabulous tales of the Orient, those known as *The Thousand and One Nights* in particular, were the source of one of the most popular orchestral tours de force, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*.

The impressionist composers were perhaps most often moved by the works of their favorite poets to compose tonal translations of that poetry. Debussy's two indefatigable sources were Verlaine and Mallarmé, the former's poetry constituting the text for most of Debussy's songs, and the latter's poem, *The Afternoon of a Faun*, becoming, through Debussy's setting, a flawless illustration of the sensuous, purposefully vague poem.

Charles Griffes, the American impressionist, was so impressed by Cole-

ridge's *Kubla Khan* that his greatest work, *The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan*, was directly based on those lines in the poem which describe the sacred river, the caverns "measureless to man," and that "miracle of rare device," the wonderous palace itself. The music is as explicit as the poem in its description, for all the feeling of vague mystery, the icy caverns, the sunless sea, then the majestic walled palace, the fantastic revelry and dancing, the fountains in the sunlit gardens—all are there, apparent in Griffes' vaporous, beautiful music. The poetry of William Sharp also held a kind of enchantment for Griffes, for he did a series of richly impressionistic piano pieces based on poems by Sharp. The exotic "White Peacock," heard to best advantage in the composer's orchestral transcription, reveals Griffes' love of tonal

color and oriental settings. The music describes, just as the poem, the heady perfumes and noontide heat of the oriental garden, the pale blue shadows, the exotic flowers, and the regal white peacock who moves slowly through the glinting sunlight, spreading his gorgeous plumage.

Walt Whitman's "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" was the inspiration for another of the impressionistic composers, the English-born Frederick Delius, whose unusually lovely music is undeserving of the

neglect it receives. He was one of the first to see the real musical possibilities in Whitman's revolutionary dynamic poetry, and his beautiful setting, *Sea Drift*, for orchestra, chorus and baritone soloist, preceded similar works by such native American composers as John Alden Carpenter and Paul Creston by several years.

It is impossible to do justice to such an enormous subject as this within the limits of much less than a book, but perhaps music, after all, is simply a finer kind of literature.



SIGMA TAU DELTA

By
PHYL DERIGON

Sigma Tau Delta is a national fraternity for students who have chosen English as their major field of interest. The chapter at Mary Washington College, known as Alpha Epsilon, evolved from the Modern Portias Club last year. On March 19th, those girls who were eligible for membership were formally initiated by the members of Sigma Tau Delta from Lynchburg College at Lynchburg, Virginia. The charter members initiated at that time were Lois Colman, Kate James, Beverly Parker, Dot Conway, Prudence Burchard, Carolyn Shankweiler, Doris Lippold, Betsy Conklin, Marilee Hicks, Imogen Murden, Isobel Fox, Phyllis Derigon, and Dr. Shankle. Following the ceremony a banquet was held at the Princess Anne Hotel.

The purpose of Sigma Tau Delta is two-fold. The fraternity feels that an appreciation for classical literature should be heightened in a liberal arts college. Therefore, at the regular monthly meetings, the members discussed some of the literature which interests them. For instance, the plays of Thomas Dekker and the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayam were discussed at the two meetings which were held last year. In these informal dis-

cussions, one girl acts as chairman and submits the factual material concerning the classic and the rest of the group, having read the material before the meeting, give their opinions on the quality of the work. In this way the fraternity members become increasingly aware of the greatness of the classics.

Sigma Tau Delta also advocates the promotion of creative writing among students. Our national magazine *The Rectangle* welcomes contributions from fraternity members. In reading over the last *Rectangle* the members of Alpha Epsilon chapter found that our sister fraternities are located at many outstanding colleges such as Baylor, Bucknell, and Omaha University. The fraternity encourages students here on the hill to contribute original material to the *Epaulet* or the *Bullet*.

This year the fraternity has pledged Anne Challender, Marjorie Selvage, Joan Goode, Rebecca Greig, Mary Ann Ross, Una Burke, Pat Maguire, Marjorie Murray, Jeanne Hazlett, Evelyn White, Barbara Thomas, Phyllis Horton, Betty Bates, Isobel Larrick and Kitty Clark to become members. These girls have met the publishing requirement and

have a "B" average in all their English courses. The total membership is limited to twenty-five girls.

Our plans for this year include a study of a few of the great pieces of literature and lectures on creative writing as well as our regular dis-

cussion groups.

The fraternity is a new-comer to the Hill, but the members feel it is one of the basic steps toward making Mary Washington a liberal arts college, worthy of the honor of belonging to the University of Va.



FOR SUSAN

By
EDNA HEENAN

Yours is the longing for real harmony

In life, although you see the discord there.

Yours is a pity for the trampled mass

Of mankind, and the load that it must bear.

You see the wrongs that burden all the world;

You feel within your heart the need for truth,

You have the willingness to right the wrongs

Of others, that is only found in youth.

Though time may change the ideals of the world,

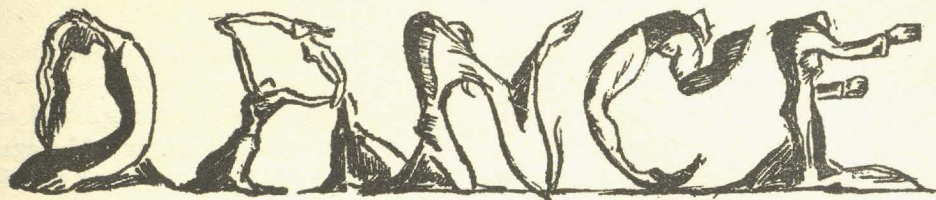
Though true may turn to false and false to true,

Hold fast the spark of that immortal flame;

Keep what the powers that he has given you.

In you there lies the power that can change

The lives of men, and make the world anew.



By
JUNE ASHTON

"It's May Day today in the year of our Lord 1946 here on the Campus of Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia."

Yes, it was May Day. . .the climax of our year at Mary Washington and the climax of all the effort put forth by the Concert Dance Club and our gallant leaders. The air was tense for the performers. It rained, yet this dampness had not penetrated beyond the doors of George Washington Auditorium. In the wings we breathlessly awaited the strains of Mr. Houston's music as we mentally checked and rechecked each sequence of the performance. Deep in our hearts, we felt a great obligation toward this program. This was the first year of peace and with the ego wrought by victory fresh in the minds of each one present. . .we had a job to do. We were going to tear that ego down and build something more substantial; a haunting memory of the spoils of war and a humility leading to a joy-filled world where nation respects nation.

As we stood there waiting, our thoughts went back farther than this. We thought of the conception of this great idea which fashioned itself into a ballet with words and music. Mr.

Levin Houston III, Mr. Harold Weiss, Mrs. Claudia Read, and Mr. Ronald Faulkner thought of many ideas. . . a fairy tale, a Greek myth, and others, which were crowded out of their minds by the freshness of victory and peace. The theme for May Day would be a reminder of the struggle for peace, and a promise not to forget. This idea took root and "the big four" worked out a cooperative plan of words, music, and dancing, all taking place simultaneously. This would add up to a complex production, and planning became the password. Mr. Houston and Mr. Weiss acted first, and at what seemed and impossible speed, the words and music were composed. It was a flashback effect beginning with the present when we were trying to "let the joy of the new days drown the days that are past. . . .let it cover them with a soothing forgetfulness." But from out of the rocks and rills we heard the echo of the voices of "wives, sweethearts, mothers, and sisters, 'We will be heard!' " Had we forgotten the past? No! We remembered with a poignant memory that "There was once a great nation, settled by sturdy pioneers. . . .a nation of mountains, fertile plains and valleys and reaching rivers."

We thought of America's people, their struggle for existence, and the things for which they sought and loved. They were a happy-go-lucky folk who had a weakness for baseball, popcorn, hot dogs, drives in the country "And on Sunday, the folks went to church. . . .at least some of them did." We thought of Europe as a great place to visit, but no place in which to live.

Suddenly, horror shattered this complacency. December 7, 1941! From easy going, day-by-day life, we became a mechanized unit. We joined the Army, the Navy, and the Marines. We bought war bonds; we saved our sugar and fats. These were turbulent years. Before our furrowed brows rolled the pictures of our heroes America's heroes as they lay dead in their courageous efforts.

Fight, America! We fought for our victory and the dogs of war a-

gain skulked snarling to their dread kennels. Slowly and surely, we drifted into our previous pattern and to peace, but the pattern would never be the same. The young giant that is America leads the way to a joy-filled world, but will it accomplish its mission?

.....

This was "The Shining Land". . . a ballet in words and music. These were the things that our muscles had been trained to respond to; we were to give these ideas to our audience. Backstage, we stiffened. We had reached our immediate destiny. It was May Day and we heard the first stirring strains from the orchestra and chorus. We moved. "Spring, the time of beauty. . . .Spring, the hey day of youth!"

*Quotations are from the script written by Harold Weiss.

A VICIOUS CYCLE

By
HARRIET DAVIS

When the sky looks bright and cherry,
There's a dark cloud lurking by,
And when you're least expecting it
This cloud begins to cry.

It seems to put a damper on
The joys that can be found,
And pulls your head from out the clouds,
Dashing hopes right to the ground.

The day seems dark and dreary
The sky is filled with clouds
Then suddenly a beam of light
From out the sun leans down.

It fills your world with gaiety,
Laughter and delight.
You feel the grandest happiness,
That makes life now seem right.

Round and round this cycle goes,
The light and dark are mixed.
Life is not all joy and mirth,
And living is not fixed.

Who Only Wait

By

BARBARA THOMAS

The little winding creek stretched to the mouth of the day, the sparkling sun making diamonds of the drops of its clear, cool crest, while its acrid odors of salt, sea-weed, oysters, and fish drifted across to me from the ramshackle docks where tiny fishing boats, and clam traps, as well as palatial yachts lay moored. It was the world of fisherman's paradise, a realm where the great god ocean was lord of all he surveyed, and the white virginal sand stretched thankfully to drink from the blue water that surrounded it. The people who made their living fishing around the bay were grateful to it, too, for it provided their meat and drink in the form of lobsters, crabs, trout, and big bonitas. Every day spent toiling under the relentless sun was another dollar in the pocket of the fishing guides, the oyster men, and the clam bedders.

We effete cityites often took a day off to visit the bay. It was full of so many surprises and unlimited sources for creative work, and its weather-beaten characters, who slaved from morning to night to seize from the sea enough from which to survive, were our special delight.

We liked to hear the drawl of the fishermen, and their wives who worked beside them to drag in the nets, and took out the citymen to do "big" fishing, who kept stock of the boats moored at their docks, and supplied

tackle and bait to the eager, but ignorant city fishermen. The scores of children from 5 to 15, who could fish before they could walk and could handle a helm with the best of their fathers, and who always knew the "catch" for the week, whether it be school trout or channel bass, inevitably surprised us with their loquacity, so different from brevity of taciturn parents.

Some of the natives were independent, and during the years had risen from the ranks of the laborer to become guides to the rich citymen with their multiple rods and reels but bare knowledge of the facts of fishing life. But most of them were poor, so much so that they lived in shacks scattered around the bay with too many children and too little comforts. In the summer, they fed every mouth with the minimum profit, and stored up fish to be salted and kept for winter when work was hard to get. The men were rough and weather-beaten yet with an air of proudness, that looked superciliously upon all tenderfeet. They were proud of their living, for what it lacked in monetary values, it more than repaid in experience and enjoyment.

One day I saw a little girl sitting on one of the pilings of a weather-beaten dock, fishing with a hand line for crabs in the murky mud beneath her. She was tentatively pulling up a

crab when I spoke to her, and she did not answer until slowly pulling, she dropped the unsuspecting Crustacean into a crab net where it squirmed and wriggled. She dipped her hand into the net and took out the loathsome creature with huge, machine-like claws that could snip off the end of a finger, that struggled vainly to capture a part of her flesh. She deftly took hold of it from the back where its claws could not reach, looked at it, gave a disgusted spat, and tossed it back into the mud where it disappeared before I saw where it fell.

I wanted to talk with the little girl so I said, "Why did you do that?"

She didn't look up and hardly took notice of me, but threw her line back in the water, and with a voice full of tolerance for such a dumbell said it was a lady crab.

The spawning female crab, even I knew, was no good for eating, hence she was trying again for a male or "jimmy" crab.

I sat beside her and we remained there for about an hour without speaking, while she caught three hardshelled "jimmy crabs" and two softshelled ones.

Finally she put up her line, rolling it around a piece of cork and slipping the hook into the coiled twine. She picked up her net, and her paper bag full of squirming crabs, and prepared to depart.

I wasn't going to let the local color escape as easy as that, and I was at a loss to understand her silence. Usually the kids of the fishermen were talkative, especially to someone who

looked as if they would reward them with a nickel or maybe a quarter.

So I asked her if she were going to have the crabs for supper.

"Sure," she said. "But five crabs won't go around very far with eight people."

"Why don't you keep on crabbing? It won't be dark for a good while yet."

"Got to get supper," she said shortly, and left me sitting on the dock, about to phrase a reply, while she walked away up the hill, her brown knobby legs in their faded dungarees, holding up a short, proud, erect little body.

I found out more about her the next day. Her name was Mollie Blue, and she was the daughter of handyman around the docks, who was a perpetual sot. He watched the big boats for the fishermen, a sort of ship caretaker, also acted as baiter and fish-taker-offer on parties, and repaired minor damages to boats. He was shiftless, and lazy it seemed, beside being more of a hinderance than a help most of the time. The fishermen tolerated him because he had six children all younger than Molly to provide for, and the children's mother had long since died from overwork and worry. I thought of little Molly, keeping house, washing, and cooking for six hungry children, besides having to provide food for them while their reprobate father lay in a gutter after a Saturday night's orgy, leaving him with no money and even less good temper. But one of the fishermen told me that none of the children complained. They all went to

school in the winter, even Molly, who packed lunches for them all and saw that they were properly dressed. "And don't let 'em catch you offering 'em something. They're so proud they wouldn't take a ten-penny nail if they thought it was give in charity." I could just picture Molly, her straight little back firm, her head held high, telling some well-meaning tourist that they got along fine, thank you.

I wanted to do something for Molly Blue, because I thought that taken away from her rude background, she would show promise of a good future. Yet, the more I considered, the more convinced I was that it was futile to attempt to help, because the independent obstinacy of the miserable fishermen around the bay was inherited by their offspring. I finally gave up the idea of philanthropy, because it seemed to me that the little tight circle those people drew around themselves protected them from harm as a shell would to a turtle. For a good reason which only he knew, God would not let them starve or die, but would let them continue to exist in their own five square miles of Paradise free and happy, immune against the outside world. They were happier in their ignorance of vice than we outsiders are in our knowledge of virtue.

So, I continued to observe Molly Blue, and through the years watched her grow into a woman, rugged and vital, and married to a fisherman of her own age. I do not feel bitter over her fate, for I now understand the complacency of those people and their sublime faith in tomorrow being better than today.

What they have not experienced, they do not long for, and though the earth continues to revolve around them they are disinterested and non-committal. For after all, what is the measure of man's success in life? And for that matter, what price success? We are not the judges of those who think the price is too high. Molly Blue's life was complete in her estimation, and I, for one, had no desire to disturb centuries of tranquillity for 40 years of bewilderment.

I saw her the other day, clamming on the cool, smooth sand bars at low tide. As I spoke to her, she rose and straightened her tired shoulders with that same gesture of what seems only yesterday. She spoke to me pleasantly but firmly and carrying her bag of clams over her shoulder, walked away around the point. I stood and watched her until she was only a speck walking toward the sunset, proud and indomitable, and with two dozen clams to steam for supper.

NOCTURNE

By
DOROTHY CONWAY

The night is here;
The moon high in its heavens is awake.
Like one bright tear,
A single star shine out upon the lake.

Like giants wings,
The sudden shades of evening darkness fall,
And hidden things
Are singing their nocturnal mating call.

Deep silence fills
The muted blackness of the newborn night.
And whippoorwills
Sing dirges by flick'ring fireflies' light.

I feel the hush
Of a host of unknown, enigmagtic things;
I feel the rush
Of time and change as they pass by on lightning wings.

The mighty being
Has sent his spirit to phlegmatic man;
The ever-seeing
Eye of God is shining on the dark'ning land.

There is no death;
The earth o'erflows with God's mysterious might;
The magic breath
Of Heaven descends o'er all the starlit night.

Luck

By

MARY ANN ROSS

"Oh! I love spring and a date with Bob," yelled Betty, who was helping her three roommates get ready for one of their usual Saturday night get-togethers. "The fragrance of the apple blossoms is simply divine, don't you smell them? They make me feel so romantic. What's that thing about a 'young man's fancy turning to love?'"

"I don't know," replied Sue, "my fancy should be turning to writing a term paper. If I just didn't have to do one I'd be so merry. Why should I worry now, it isn't due until next Wednesday anyway?"

"I sure hope the boys don't get caught coming in our window tonight. Dean Highscrapper will delight in trapping them. He suspects John and Dick anyway, but he isn't a good enough detective to pin the evidence on them. I know he'll never catch Dick, but the thought always enters my mind," added Joan.

"What mind?" interrupted Sue maliciously.

"Hey," said Alice. "I thought I smelled sawdust burning, did a thought really enter your little head, Joan?"

"Don't be funny, stop your fool-in'." The boys will be ready to come up and we won't have the food fixed," said Sue.

"Cease your nonsense and listen to a really bright thought," remarked Alice. "Wouldn't it be wonderful

if I could borrow some records again? We'd really have a hot time in the old dorm if I could, wouldn't we?"

"You bet," chorused the girls.

"I'd love to have some, but House-mother Pfflitz will surely hear us if we start jitterbugging up here even though we are on third. I'm almost afraid to try that again. We've been darn lucky our parties haven't been discovered before now. I guess it's good we don't think of our risks too often; we wouldn't have near as much fun," remarked Sue. "Let's get the records anyway."

"Hey, girls," shouted Betty, "don't be so pessimistic, this party is going to be even better than our others. Just think, Bob, my tall adorable blond is coming tonight. I can't wait!"

All the excitement was taking place in a dormitory room in a small coed college in North Carolina, where Mr. and Mrs. Highscrapper attempted to keep order against the pranks and misdemeanors of their students. Those two old-fashioned, Puritan-minded individuals were the sole disciplinarians on the little campus. The rules were strict. . . almost intolerable, but as always a few get away with everything short of murder.

At this stage in the game Mr. Highscrapper suspected the boys of attending parties in the girls' dormitories which to him was more of a felony

than a misdemeanor. He was determined to set a trap, but as yet he had been unsuccessful.

"I bet you all don't know what one drop of ink said to the other," exclaimed Joan.

"We won't try to guess, hurry and tell us. You can always tell the stupidest jokes I've ever heard," said Alice.

"All right, prepare yourselves for a big surprise. One said that his father was in a pen filling out a sentence."

"Oh! to be serious, where did you get that?" inquired Betty.

"I can tell one better than that, but possibly I'd better not. Mine aren't exactly on that order."

"Yeh, we know all about your order," replied Joan in a joking manner.

"Not to change the subject. . .but it's time they're coming. It's 10:15 and as black as pitch out; I know the boys won't be caught coming in the window tonight," said Betty.

Just then the girls saw the rope hanging from the window move. It was for the purpose of getting the boys to third floor, room 309, in the simplest and easiest method possible. Of course, it was safe if the rope didn't break, or if the girls didn't release their grip after the boys were elevated so many feet above the ground. All the date had to do was to grasp and hold securely to the end

of the rope that touched the ground, the girls pulled him up.

Joan said, "Come on people, Dick is ready to come up. I know it's his code . . .or at least almost like his."

All four of them slowly tugged on the rope and in a second or two, much to their amazement and horror, what should appear above the window sill but Dean Highscrapper's bald head.

"Oh-h-h," exclaimed Sue as if she had seen the Dean of Hades.

The other three were too frightened to utter a word.

They in their excitement released their grip and before they realized it, they heard a thud and the Dean's moan as he fell three stories and hit the ground.

"I am a nervous wreck," whispered Betty, "maybe we'd better go down and see if the old so and so is badly hurt, if not we can invite him to our party. He'll probably come just to bribe us into not telling the whole college he was caught snooping around our room. Of course, he was too naïve to know about our elevator, the rope; I bet he got a thrill!"

After a time of nervous joking silence filled the room; they at last realized the seriousness of their offense. It also may be well to note here that three days later, instead of having three hundred twelve names on the roster, there were three hundred eight.

The Letter; or, Who Has Time to Write 'em Anyway?

By

H. JOAN GOODE

The letter, as defined in "The Winston Simplified Dictionary" (Copyright 1937) is a "written or printed communication", or, as is known in the learned circles, an epistle.

The letter is a very remarkable instrument. It can bring a friend to one's very doorstep; it can plunge a person into the depths of despair; or it can send to Sears-Roebuck for a bathtub. It can be sent smeared with lipstick or blurred with tears.

There are several types of letters, though sometimes a typewriter isn't necessary.

First, we have the threatening letter. Or rather an heiress usually has it. This is often delivered by a Western Union boy who never remembers the face of the furtive fellow who gave him a dollar to deliver it. The letter in question has probably been made by pasting in words from a newspaper, typewriting it on a piece of burlap, or by printing it on onion skin. It may be sprinkled with "aints" or "Youses" or signed with a Blue Beetle. This letter may be handed hysterically to the police. Often it is clenched in a pale hand, accompanied by shudders and a dash for the wall-safe hidden by a picture of "Grand-Uncle Cornfield at Hounds." The threatening letter should not be used unless all else fails.

The second form of epistle is the Why-do-I-always-make - that - same - mistake - twice - letter, or business letter. This variety is very popular with Mary Washington girls sending to the Richmond Bureau for information on the weather. Its composing usually involves rewriting at least five times because of a leaky pen or an earthquake at the wrong moment. This species of letter must be folded very carefully, as secretaries are quite temperamental these days and must not be inconvenienced in any way.

Then there is the open-letter or common post card. These are provided by the government as an inexpensive means of keeping postmen happy. The postcard is also convenient for the receiver; he doesn't have to bother with hunting in the attic for a letter-opener. These little missives are very important, being an exceedingly popular method of making mass requests to Andy Russell.

Lastly, let us discuss the bread-and-margerine letter, know in colonial times as the bread-and-butter. This is usually very difficult to write, not because one doesn't know the butcher, but because one doesn't know how to begin. The bread-and-margerine note was originally intended to thank a former hostess for a wonderful time, yet, due to some quirk of nature, it

is steadily deteriorating into a nasty instrument of torture. As soon as an ex-visitor reaches his humble domain, he makes a remark that sounds like "gottasendathankyounoterightaway" and then begins to unpack. After a week of careful forgetfulness, duty again rears its ugly head and the ambitious guest manages to secure paper

and pen. After chewing on his green Parker for ten minutes with no inspiration, he finds the pen has no ink, so he gives up in despair. Finally, true to the great tradition of the Hepplewaite family, the letter is written neatly and illegibly, stamped, posted, and the hero goes out. . . . a free man.



SHADOW FANTASY

By
DOROTHY CONWAY

Shadows are everywhere,
Flickering silently;
Mysterious maidens of the night,
Their dancing casts a pool of darkness in their wake.
The proud stars are born again
To spin their glimmering threads of gold
Through which the shadows flit swiftly and silently.
In glowing majesty, the moon arises.
It is a night breathless with brilliance—
Save for the whispering shadows.

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It's Lots Of Fun

By
MAUDE LEVY

Do you want to lose weight? Would you like to be a bringer of joyous messages? Or cupid's little helpmate? You do? Well, then sign up for telephone duty. It's lots of fun and hardly anything to do, except answer the 'phone occasionally and after all that's what you sign up to do.

One of the many beauties of this little job is that you can get so much studying done. Why, if your room-mates pop their gum and won't give you any, or file their nails, or make a lot of noise drawing on their cigarettes, then this is really the thing for you. Sign up for 'phone duty every night and you can do all your lessons in a quiet peaceful atmosphere.

Of course in every life some rain must fall, and in every 'phone booth some bell must ring. This is where you really have a large charge; you get to answer it before anybody else.

Naturally it's not for you but think of the extra poundage slipping away as you dash gracefully up to the third floor, and just think of the cries of happiness that come floating back as you lie trampled in the doorway.

Remembering all this you return limpingly to the first floor and the letter you had just started.

What's this; not another call already? Yes it is, so you smile, show your teeth that is, as you again squeeze into the booth. A second pitfall awaits you there, not three

flights of steps this time but a name! After five attempts you and the Brooklyn-accented operator finally come to terms and again you begin your little jaunt to the third floor.

Following the return trip you sit down to renew your letter writing. What happens? You guessed it. The bell rings again but this time the name is Jones and she's on the first floor. Hurray! You gleefully click your heels together, in a lady like fashion, and go to get her. This one's going to ge a quickie, you tell yourself, but alas, alack she's gone to the third floor; there you are told she has gone to the second; and there you are informed that she has gone back to her room. As you stagger in they cheerfully greet you by saying that she has already completed the call.

This should all be taken philosophically, you keep telling yourself, as you beat your head against the wall.

This, however, is only the start of the study hour and so you've got almost three hours of this happy pastime. Now isn't it fun and don't you just love it? You don't? Well that's not too unusual you have to sorta acquire a taste for it. Just sign here for 'phone duty. What you're not hungry and you've got a lot of work to do? Well, I wonder what made her dash off like that? Looks like I've gotta get somebody else to take my phone duty tonight and it's so much fun too, I just can't understand why she wasn't interested.

BOOK REVIEW

By
ALICE CALLAWAY
ELIZABETH KESSLER

The Miracle of the Bells. By Russell Janney. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1946. 497pp.

The Miracle of the Bells is a heart-warming story with its action centered around the burial of an unknown movie actress. Bill Dunnigan, a hard-boiled A-1 press agent, came to Coaltown to arrange the funeral of Olga Truskovna, "The Breaker Girl." Intending to stay only one night, Bill stayed a week and brought a change to lives of those with whom he came in contact.

The novel, a first for producer Janney, has a freshness of style, though at times the story has the inappropriateness of stage make-up in daylight.

Following a popular trend of current literature, one of the principal characters, St. Michael the Archangel, is Biblical. Though *The Miracle of the Bells* cannot be called a pseudo-religious novel, it belongs in the same class as Douglas' *The Robe* or Schmitt's *David the King*.

Our Son, Pablo. By Alvin and Darley Gordon. New York: McGraw Hill Book Co., Inc., 1946. Illus., 235pp.

While making documentary films in the remote Mexican state of Michocan, the authors of this refresh-

ing book, "discovered" Pablo, a handsome, intelligent Trascon Indian. Impressed by his potentialities, they invited him, despite the warnings of friends, to be their guests and attend the University of California at their expense.

Pablo spanned satisfactorily the wide gap between his own beloved culture and that of the United States which he so greatly admired. The difficult adjustment, however, came when he returned to Mexico after two years and again was confronted by the discrimination against Indians. Readers will be interested in finding out how he met the situation and in following up his progress.

This story has significant implications for foster parents, foreigners, students, teachers, and others faced with the bettering of relations between peoples of varied backgrounds.

The Fields. By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1945. 288pp.

Mr. Richter has again created strong frontier characters. In the Ohio territory, Sayward Wheeler, a typical pioneer woman and her husband, Portius, an educated lawyer from Massachusetts, manage to survive hardships, overcome petty jealousies, help organize new towns,

and rear a large and varied family.

The story is authentic, interesting and well-written, but voracious read-

ers of fiction may find that it is just another prototype novel about this period in American history.



ON WRITING A TERM PAPER
(Dedicated to Dr. Shankle)

By
BETS WILSON

Thoughts reel, ideas whirl;
Smoke goes up in a blue-grey curl.
The deadline's set,
It must be met
Produce a thesis, or have regret!

Desk a-clutter, mind a-flutter;
Oh why! oh why! is the innate mutter.
A sudden thought
The battle is fought
To the "C" Shoppe, more paper bought.

Pencil scratches, friends come in,
Talk and laugh-unpardonable sin.
Back to work
With a bodily jerk
Speeding along with a facial smirk.

Reread-revise, copy in ink
"Please, roommate, Bring me a drink."
Chore is done—
Was it fun?
No more term papers will I shun!

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